

THE
MONTHLY RECORD
OF THE
Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XX.

JANUARY, 1877.

No. 9.



NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED AT THE INSTITUTION, 155, 157, 159 WORTH STREET.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

Five Points House of Industry.

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WILLIAM F. BARNARD, Superintendent.

Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

AMERY
DURST,

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

VOL. XX.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ALTHOUGH rather late, yet none the less heartily do we wish our readers a happy New Year. We thank the scores of good friends who have not forgotten us or our little ones during the past year. The year was one of apprehension and trouble concerning our support, but, after all, we have been kindly cared for. Our Heavenly Father has raised up for us friends who have generously contributed to our necessities, and though we close the year with indebtedness, yet we are thankful it is no worse. A large number of friends out of New York have regularly remembered us by gifts, some by sewing, some by contributing money, etc., the little rills and the large streams have united frequently at our door, and the result is the support of a large family of children, needy, friendless, homeless ones, all of whom are Christ's little ones. We often wish we could say with the pen what we can by word of mouth, and could meet each donor personally, but that we cannot do, and so collectively we have to say, thank you.

The investment which you have made, dear friend, is at interest, and here is the dividend—"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

May the new year be a prosperous one to all our friends, and we hope that 1877 has great good in store for the House of Industry to accomplish.

TENANT HOUSE MUTTERINGS.

SATURDAY EVENING BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

THE children picked the cinders
With luck enough for a fire,
And a lady gave me a loaf o' bread—
What more could heart desire?

I'm crouchin' close, with the mother
And our ragged and hungry swarm ;
She's breakin' the loaf, and the blaze feels good
And the room is small to warin'.

Time was when work was plenty
And children easy to keep ;
It's wonderful why it's harder now,
With everything so cheap.

They say there's hope a comin',
And there's good times close at hand,
But the way of it ain't for a workin' man
Like me to understand.

There's some that talk of a riot,
And of makin' the rich men share ;
A chap in a cell or a coffin
Has plenty to eat and wear.

There are swells, too, threat of fightin',
And a new war, like the old—
They never crouched with a ragged wife
And babies hungry and cold.

To-day I'm a beat and a begger,
But I was a soldier then,
And don't I know what that war did
For all of us workin' men ?

There'll be no gifts this Christmas
For me or any o' mine ;
If only there's fire and and a bit o' bread
Perhaps we won't repine.

* * * * *
William O. Stoddard, in *Evening Post*.

CHRISTMAS.

WE had, as usual, our Merry Christmas at the House of Industry. The chapel was decked with the usual green festoons, stars and anchor, crosses and crown, which, with the flags and streamers, gave the room a decidedly holiday appearance. Over the windows were the titles of our Saviour—Wonderful—Counsellor—Prince of Peace, while in the center panel rose an evergreen cross from a base of moss, behind which was the title Emanuel. We did not anticipate a sufficient supply of donations to be able to give presents this year, yet we confess that we hoped we might have. We were, therefore, very much pleased when Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., our long-time friends the Misses Stephens, and some others, contributed fancy articles, toys, dolls, books, etc., while another friend, Mrs. Eaton, sent us money which was sufficient to give each one a cornucopia of candy. Mr. M. Cristy and Slauson & Co., contributed candy, our good friend, Miss Wolfe, mince pies, and quite a number of others money for the dinner, so that when the day arrived we found ourselves well prepared to make a very gladsome day. All of the children had been liberally supplied with clothing, and so our *protégés* had

reason to remember the day with special joy. At half past one o'clock the children took their places on the gallery and were all ready for the exercises. In spite of the fact that the Christmas tree was standing on the platform, filled with the seasonable fruit, covered with ornaments, and festooned with pop-corn, the exercises were well sustained. The programme was largely Christmas carols, with recitations, some Mother Goose remembrances, etc. Our exercises lasted for about an hour and a half and then we repaired to the play-room for the dinner. Turkey, apple-sauce, pies, and tea, were soon dispatched and afterward the children marched down to the various class rooms to receive whatever Santa Claus had brought them: dolls, horse and carts, drums, balls, whistles, work-boxes, and all the little articles which make a child's heart glad, were freely distributed, and every one had something to take away. The following day each had a paper bag in which were an orange, candy, crackers, ginger-snaps, etc., which made the appetite satisfied, then came the cornucopiae and that closed up the season, as far as the House of Industry is concerned. Some of the boys and girls also had little festivities of their own, in their evening rooms. Surely the children of the House of Industry had reasons to be grateful for the kind remembrance of friends.

We append notices cut from the daily papers that show ourselves as others see us :

About 400 children, of whom 270 belonged to the regular family of the institution, gathered in the play-room of the Five Points House of Industry during the afternoon, where a bountiful supply of turkey, fruits, pies, etc., had been spread for them. After dinner, the children returned to their recitation-rooms, where a Christmas gift was presented to each one—a special contribution for the occasion from the friends of the institution. A beautiful Christmas tree, covered with toys, dolls, etc., was placed in the nursery upon a table, which was covered with good things to eat, and around which were gathered 20 little boys and girls, from 3 to 5 years of age, too young to assert their rights among the larger boys and girls in the play-room.—*Tribune*

THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

At three o'clock yesterday about 600 children sat down to an excellent dinner at the Five Points House of Industry. Previous to the entertainment they assembled in the chapel of the institution and sang several hymns appropriate to the great festival of the day. The chapel was decorated with evergreens and flags. Turkeys in abundance, with the usual accompaniments, were provided.

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and the merry little ones did ample justice to the good things set before them. After the edibles had been disposed of each child was provided with a handsome toy, given by some of our prominent city establishments. It was a joyous occasion for all who participated.—*Herald*.

The festivities in the House of Industry were begun at about 2 in the afternoon with a really excellent entertainment furnished by the 400 children of the institution. Its chief feature was the representation of a thunder storm that was marvelously real. Turkey in abundance, with other substantial dainties, crowded the dinner-tables, and the gifts of the Christmas tree were many and costly.—*Sun.*

IN THE NEST.

GATHER them close to your loving heart—

Cradle them on your breast;

They will soon enough leave your brooding care,

Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—

Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,

That their restless feet will run;

There may come a time in the by-and by

When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh

For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,

That sounded through each room,

Of "Mother! Mother!" the dear love calls

That echo long in the silent halls,

And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear

The eager, boyish tread,

The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,

The busy bustle in and out,

And pattering over head.

When the boys and girls are all grown up

And scattered far and wide,

Or gone to the undiscovered shore,

Where youth and age come nevermore,

You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,

Cradle them on your breast,

They will soon enough leave your brooding care,

Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—

Little ones in the nest.

—Selected.

THE TYPE ROOM AND OUR BOYS.

OUR TYPE Room was the center of much interest during the holidays. The Christmas tree, with its laughing burden of cornucopias, fruits, brilliants, etc., and illuminated with numerous, wax candles, gave birth to many joyful hearts and smiling faces. Old Santa Claus himself could not restrain a grin of delight, as he sat partially concealed amid the topmost branches. The room had been amply adorned with evergreen for his coming, and so sharp were youthful eyes that he not only failed to make his exit undiscovered, but was really captured and "treed."

The room is so called because the type for our Record is set up here, under the direction of an experienced printer, who instructs a limited number of boys in the art, and takes much pains to make the room inviting, giving his evenings and inter-

esting himself in whatever interests and benefits the boys. His proper *sobriquet* is the Boys' Friend.

In this room the older, more appreciative, and well behaved boys are in the habit of spending the evening after the retirement of the smaller ones, and are engaged in different lines of industry, amusement, and study. At present those mechanically inclined, are occupied with their Fleetwood scroll-saw in constructing wall brackets and pockets, card baskets, work boxes, also light and fancy clock cases which are sure to arrest the attention of visitors and interest them in these exhibitions of skill and genius. Very pretty miniature boat-building shows the tendency of at least one boy who is enthusiastic over sea-going craft, while others are occupied in printing note headings, addressed envelopes, etc., with a Novelty printing press recently given them by Vanderburgh, Wells & Co.

Amusement too is afforded the boys, not only in innocent games—but in maps and pictures, donated by friends, which are calculated to interest the mind, cultivate the taste, and produce a spirit of just criticism. A fine picture is as truly educating to the mind as is the living teacher, and influences coming from such exhibitions of culture cannot fail of an elevating effect, and sometimes, indeed, give direction to future life and habit.

Here, too, the boys can avail themselves of promiscuous reading matter, not only of a small library and daily papers, but illustrated periodicals, of English as well as American publication, which are gratuitously furnished by the publishers or other friends. And here is one of our strong hopes, that care taken, generosity bestowed, and self-sacrifice endured will be as seed sown on good ground—like bread cast upon the waters—to return, though it be “after many days,” but to other minds, to other hearts, and to other lives.

On the whole, the Type Room makes itself felt in the good order, the contentment, and prosperity of the House, and our chief wish is that the boys who enjoy its privileges shall so appreciate them and profit by them that by and by they will become upright, intelligent men, and good citizens. T.

NONE can enter by the heavenly gate *above* who do not enter by the narrow gate *below*.—Luke xiii. 24.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, adding, "We don't either."

"And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

Ah, yes, we know, dear child! for He who gave us life and breath,
Draws near, unseen, and lights for us "this mystery of death."
And in our hearts His healing love falls softly o'er the pain :
We know that Christ, His only Son, once died and rose again!

We know that the dear soul—the life—which left this still, cold form
Went out to God and waits us there, all loving, glad, and warm.
We lay the empty form away and cover it with flowers,
Thanking the Lord, amid our tears, that such sure hope is ours.

We know the way—the "Father's House," where "many mansions" are :
We know in whom we have believed—the "Bright and Morning Star,"
Who guides us through life's mystery, "as deep as death can be,"
And lights the smile on dying lips from joyful souls set free.

We know they cannot come to us, the dear ones whom we miss ;
Not even come to speak to us, one moment, of their bliss :
But we shall go to them some day, through the same gate of death,
And solve our life's long mystery in one immortal breath.

We know that our Redeemer lives ; that we shall be "like Him."
We reach and find Him through our pain, although our eyes are dim :
All things are known since He is known who took from death its sting ;
Who out of these "two mysteries" can such completeness bring.

—Jennie Harrison, in *Christian Union*.

THE DONATION PARTY AT WILLOWBROOK.

So many confused and contradictory rumors have been circulated about that last donation party that I (who have heard the whole story from my friend and neighbor Miss Mix) would like to give the world a plain, unvarnished account of the whole festivity.

Let me, then, introduce my informant, Miss Melissa Mix, spinster, owning to forty, moderately well endowed with this world's goods, housekeeper and caretaker for her only brother Ralph, some years her senior, both of them prominent members of the Willowbrook church—and thus heralded, she shall tell you the story she told me.

"Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know, Miss Harwood ; but we've always calculated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the 'Postle says.

I must own we hadn't had much success, for, would you believe it? Out of five candidates that preached here the year we built the church, not one was willin' to stay and do the Lord's work.

Why, there's only about sixty families in our church, and it was settled that first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, makin' nigh unto four

hundred a year, you see ; yet it's wonderful what troubles we've had to git a pastor.

Brother Ralph thought that mebbe if we had a parsonage it would help us ; so he and the other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Gray used to live, with a whole rod of land belongin' to to it ; but, lawd twan't of no use ; none of 'em staid the year out ; and I was clean discouraged.

When Mr. Ormsby came, nigh on three years ago, he appeared more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage for him as they was only new beginners, and hadn't much housekeepin' stuff.

Well, the ladies was so well pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together.

There was a handsome pincushion made for each of the bedrooms—and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in the first week.

You've heerd him preach, Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer too. Why, I declare, I took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin' ; and so we all did, I'm sure.

But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deacon Stiles's daughter Sally made a drawin' of the chu:ch, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he came over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind.

Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was skurse just then, so we only raised enough to git a pair of chiny vases and an inkstand.

But Silas Hart, that sold 'em to us, was one of our members, so he threw in a chiny dog for the baby and a match-box for the parson's wife.

Miss Jones and Uncle Midian sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our cradle, the one we was both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real hand-some little quilt for the cradle, a sunflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico too.

Well, it's 'most too bad to tell, but Mandy Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby git to rights, told me that she did act dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife.

She went all round the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she sat down in the parlor on her truuk, and began to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove, which she said looked as if it came out of the ark.

I've always thought she made her husband discontented, for Mr. Ormsby was such a meek, quiet, unselfish man that he never would have made any trouble if she hadn't been always complainin' and puttin' him up to grumble.

But I'm wanderin' off from my story—I started to tell you about the donation party. You see, the first year we got along splendid with it, and I must say I never saw a better tea-table spread than we set that night for Miss Ormsby

But that woman never could be satisfied, and she said afterward that it wouldn't take more than two such parties to ruin any family !

It seems she found fault because we all staid to tea with 'em, just as if we hadn't a right to tea after sendin' in all the vituals for it.

But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did do exac'ly right, for she took Miss Ormsby's preserves to put on the table, and they was all eat that night, and I s'pose that put her out some.

Well, as I was sayin', the second year come round, and it was read out in meetin' that the donation party would be given the next Friday.

Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then he looked all around and cleared his throat two or three times, as if he had somethin' pertickler to say, but after waitin' a minute he changed his mind and sat down.

I thought he acted kinder queer, but I was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meetin' was dismissed she just hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her.

Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we was mostly all at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it were a funeral than a merry-makin', I must say; but his wife was awful. She was just as huffy and short as she could be with every one, and she went and locked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us all, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's papers or books.

Bimeby we began to think about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy Jones, and me went out into the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There was some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the suller), a piece of corned beef, two or three biled hams, a pot of butter, some apple sass, a big cheese and such a lot of biscuits it would have taken all night to count 'em.

I began to be scart when we took out panful after panful of biscuit, and no cake to speak of. At last we come to Miss Jone's basket, and there we found lections cake as well as a great batch of molasses cookies.

I was glad enough I'd sent a pound-cake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready there was more biscuits on it than any thing else, though we did the best we could.

Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crackers; and Amos Hull he brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said.

There was so many there that we had to divide 'em into three lots, the dinin'-room bein' small; and it was 'most seven o' clock when they got through eatin'.

Aunt Betsy staid with me to clear up some; and I thought I never should get all the biscuits put away, for they 'most filled the pantry.

For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and, as Aunt Betsy said, they wouldnt' need to bake for a month to come.

It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but, the second Sunday after, I started off good and early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw something that 'most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp-pointed pickets round the house and garden had a good biscuit stuck right atop of it! Yes, Miss Harwood, jest as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsy's nice raised biscuits—I could tell hern by the shape—and Miss Hull's rusks, and Miss Stiles's soda biscuit, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way,

Well, I stood and looked—I hadn't the strength to move—and pretty soon some of the ladies came along and jined me; and there we all stood till the last bell began to ring, talkin' the matter over, and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you.

Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly hear a word, my mind was so full of the biscuits.

Mrs. Ormsby warn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had had a call from a church in the far West, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would like to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us that he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we could get some one else, he gave the benediction and dismissed us.

I can tell you there was talk enough when we got out that mornin', and some of the folks thought we ought to 'p'int a committee to ask Mrs. Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said, 'No; if they are goin' let em' go peaceable; so they all agreed to say nothin' at all.

We heard afterward, from little Johnny Hall, who was playin' near the parsonage late on Saturday afternoon, that Mr. Ormsby he brought the biscuits out in a big basket, and then Miss Ormsby helped him to stick them on the pickets, and she laughed all the time as if was a good joke.

I don't want to judge anybody; but I never did think that woman was fit for a minister's wife, and I don't think so now.

Well, they moved off, and we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby since, and I don't know as we want to, seein' he hurt our feelin's so, though we've never found as good a preacher as he was, and never will."

And this was Miss Melissa's story.—*Mrs. E. T. Corbett, in Harpers Magazine for November.*

A CHURCH IN THE SIXTH WARD.

In the chapel attached to the House of Industry is worshiping a regularly organized and acknowledged union evangelical church, known as Calvary Chapel. This is controlled and sustained by the New York City Mission and Tract Society. The sacraments are administered here, at stated periods and if any of the attendants of the services are converted they are received into church fellowship. During the past year twelve converts have united with the church, and, on the first Sunday in February, others will be received. At present the pulpit is supplied by a layman, and several of the city pastors—Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of the Reformed Church, 29th St. and 5th Ave., Rev. Dr. Vincent, of the Church of the Covenant, Park Ave. and 35th St., Rev. S. H. Ham-

ilton, of the Scotch Church, 14th St. and 6th Ave.—have officiated during the year. The services held in Calvary Chapel are, Bible class, 2 p.m., singing service at 7 1-2 o'clock, and preaching, at 7 3-4 o'clock on Sunday ; temperance meeting, Tuesday evening ; prayer meeting, Thursday evening ; Bible instruction, Friday evening ; and children's service, Saturday afternoon. All of these services are in addition to the House of Industry services. The City Mission employs two lady missionaries to visit the families in the ward.

A minister of Trinity parish does more or less work in this ward, and St. Paul's Chapel has a lodging-room and restaurant here, while a Protestant Episcopal minister and also a Presbyterian minister hold preaching services in the Tombs, and do some visiting in that connection. The Ladies' Home Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, also sustain services and employ an ordained minister of that church at the Five Points Mission. We mention these facts to correct a misapprehension which some of our friends labor under, on account of a public statement that there is no Protestant Church in this ward, and but one ordained minister laboring here.

THANKSGIVING AT THE FIVE POINTS.

[WE are always glad to have friends see for themselves our work, for, after all, sight is better than description, and so we are very grateful to our good friend, Mrs. Thurston, who has given the readers of *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, Mass., that goes into so many New England homes, an unsolicited account of our Thanksgiving services. She has our thanks for her hearty words of commendation, and we copy the article that our friends may see us through the eyes of an impartial witness.]

However little interest the hordes of miserable, poverty-stricken creatures in this once famous locality may manifest for the House of Industry in their midst, on all the other days of the year, they are sure to show a very decided interest in it on Thanksgiving day, and yesterday the steps, fences, and even sidewalks in front of the house, were thronged with hungry-looking groups, even as early as eleven o'clock ; but as several policemen were standing near, all were quiet and orderly.

The chapel was tastefully decorated and well-filled with visitors, when, at twelve o'clock, the long train of children marched in to the raised seats in the front of the room. There were some three hundred or more of them, from

four to, perhaps, thirteen or fourteen years of age, all neatly and comfortably dressed. A large proportion of the little girls wore white dresses, and with their pink or blue sashes and ribbons they looked like a flower garden in the height of its summer beauty. When all were seated, a single note was struck on the piano, and as by one impulse every little head was bowed, the small hands folded, while they sang the Lord's Prayer; and among all those three hundred children I don't think one head was lifted till the "amen" was uttered. Then they sang (and they sing remarkably well) several pretty pieces; two or three of them recited little poems; and then came the calisthenic exercises, which always please visitors because they are so well executed. It is one of the prettiest sights imaginable when those six hundred little hands all move together, as if they belonged to one body, through the different motions, keeping perfect time with the music. We thought it almost a pity that they could not see themselves and know how pretty a picture they made. Old Mother Goose, it seems, is an inmate of the House of Industry, for she appeared upon the platform in full costume, as if she had just stepped out of one of her "Melodies," and Jacky Horner, Tommy Tucker, and ever so many other old acquaintances were there as well, and all had something to say which delighted the little folks, both inmates and visitors.

At one o'clock the children marched up the long, winding stairway to the large, sunny play-room on the top floor, where they take dinner on Thanksgiving day, giving up their usual dining-room to the outside poor. Each plate was filled, and the children stood beside the table and repeated in concert this grace:—

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored.
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee."

Then they attacked the good things with good appetites, not at all disturbed by the friends and strangers around them. When all had finished, they again folded their hands, closed their eyes, and gave thanks in these words:

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food;
And now, because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from Heaven."

At two o'clock they returned again to the chapel for the afternoon exercises, which were interesting and enjoyable. Meantime, visitors were at liberty to go all over the building, through the large, airy dormitories, with their narrow, white-spread cots; the hospital, which is made as bright and cheery as possible for the little sufferers; the baby nursery, where the tiniest little ones, in charge of nurses, dined at a low table by themselves; and the boy's reading-room, called, I believe, the "type-room," because the type-setting for their little magazine, the *Monthly Record*, is done there. They have some of the best magazines and papers, with various other means of amusement and instruction.

At two o'clock the doors were opened, and the crowd of waiting ones outside admitted to the tables, eighty at time, and if anything would make one thankful for daily bread and decent homes, it would be the sight of such a company as was gathered there. Like locusts they devoured all before them, and

we wondered when they had had a good dinner before, or when they would have another.

We should give all due honor to those who go to heathen lands as missionaries, but never was truer missionary work than that done here, year by year, among these New York outcasts.—*Ida T. Thurston.*

A MOTHER'S APOLOGY.

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I FOUND your letters, dear, to-night,
A winsome, tender packet,
All safely tied with ribbons white,
Just under Harry's jacket,
In that o'erflowing drawer of mine,
Where, waiting mother-stitches,
Lie piled-up garments coarse and fine—
Sacques, aprons, gowns, and breeches.

The children—ah! if you could see
My Lulu, tall and slender;
My Minnie, with her dimples free;
My Frank, with eyes of splendor;
My lovely twins, with roguish smiles,
And feet that never tire;
My baby, with his pretty wiles—
You would not need inquire

Why Lottie never writes to you ;—
A whole octave of reasons
Would plead her cause, with wisdom true,
Through all the changing seasons.
Dear, as I snatch a moment now,
To send you love and greeting,
There comes a call, the boys below
My presence swift entreating.

I've not forgotten olden days,
Nor friendship's twisted cable;
Full well I mind the girlish ways,
Through fairy-land and fable.
I, too, recall our walks, my dear,
The places where we tarried;
And all that summer of the year
Ere John and I were married.

Now, as you speak in mournful tone
About my lost ambition,
The whole is wholly true ; I own,
Unblushing, each condition.
No poems ever will I write,
With rhythm sweet to thrill, when
It is my utter heart's delight
To frolic with my children.

Forgive me, dear, and send to me,
With goodness great, your letters;
If you were only here, you'd see
How closely cling my fetters.
And yet I count each darling one
A rich, a rare possession;
And God, me seems, Himself will own
These for my life's expression.

—*Charlotte Curtis, in Christian at Work.*

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

IT has long been a subject of thought, with those who are desirous of helping the poor, how the matter of relief can be managed consistently with the best interests of the recipients. It is, we believe, now a prevalent idea that indiscriminate giving of money is unwise, and tends to increase pauperism rather than lessen the trouble. We have long since come to the conclusion that the subject has not been exhausted, and also that there yet remains a problem to be solved.

A plan which has been put in operation in the chapel here, is,

to our mind, the most practicable one we have ever known. Mrs. Jesup, the wife of our President, and Mrs. A. R. Brown, Supt. of the female branch of the N. Y. City Mission Tract Society, have been the agents in putting the machinery in motion. One afternoon of every week, needy women, who are also worthy, are invited to the chapel to spend two hours. They are paid for their time at the rate of so much an hour. Fifteen or twenty minutes are occupied in religious exercises, and then the women are expected to sew, on garments already cut and provided. During the two hours, familiar talks on the virtue of cleanliness, care of their homes, or any other practical topic, are given them, and at the expiration of the time some little singing is indulged in. The wages earned are paid in groceries, coal, or clothing, as they may choose, at cost price. For instance, bread is sold at six cents per loaf, that would cost ten cents in the bakeries; tea at thirty cents per pound, that would cost double in the stores; soap, sugar, etc., in the same manner, so that, instead of giving the articles needed they are furnished for the use of their time. The articles made by the women are sold to them at a reasonable price also. No pecuniary benefit accrues to the City Mission or to the House of Industry, but, on the contrary, the time of several parties is consumed in caring for the affair, and money must be had to buy the articles, cloth and groceries, which are used. The very suggestive name of the work is "Calvary Helping Hand." Perhaps some of our readers, who can at a glance see the excellent features of the work, will be glad to give a helping hand, and we will receive money, to be transferred to the treasurer, or it may be sent by mail to Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, 197 Madison Avenue, New York City. Some forty women now have the advantages of the society, while more would, if it had more money to do with.

OUR friends will doubtless be interested in the following account of money-raising, as the House of Industry is kindly remembered in the distribution :

HARVEST OFFERINGS.

The people of New Ipswich, N. H., have a custom of holding, during October of each year, a Children's Fair, the chief purpose of which is to implant early in them the habit of giving back to the Lord a portion of His gifts in assisting His poor.

Early in the spring, when fields are being prepared for crops, the children in the Sabbath schools are reminded that it is time to be getting their patches of ground ready for corn or potatoes or vegetables for the fair. During the summer the subject is again brought to mind, that berries may be picked and sold, or articles of needlework, etc., may be in readiness. Some day about the middle of October is assigned for the fair, and on that day, at 9 o'clock A. M., a throng of men, women, and children—largely the latter—fills the vestry and hall of the Congregational church. All sorts of products of skill and industry are brought, and all the housekeepers interested bring provision for a "plain dinner," and a "general refreshment table," from which food is sold at very low rates. It is *the* social church gathering of the year. The aged people come, and the little ones. Sometimes literary exercises and singing are added. In a few days, the American Board, Home Missionary Society, Freedmen, Orphans' Home, Five Points, Greece, China, India, our own Sabbath school library, our minister, some needy person in our midst, receive "From Children's Fair, New Ipswich," sums amounting in all to fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred dollars.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

WHAT can be done for the drunkard is a question often before us. The hell-begotten appetite seems to be so strong that it is next to impossible to restrain it. To be sure, some will say "alter your laws—prohibit the sale of liquor," etc. Even if that could be done would that settle the trouble? If there was no demand for liquor there would be no sale; so that, looking at the matter in any light, we come back to this, we must do with the individual what we have to do to prevent drunkenness. Reasoning we have tried, pledges we have tried, the ordinary temperance meeting we have tried, but after all we have not been satisfied with our success. There is no power but God's which can really reach and thoroughly save the drunkard; and we are doing our best here to impress that upon drinkers every Tuesday night. Quite a number have felt themselves converted, and so stand. Said a man who gave his testimony recently. "I spent my money for rum, my children went hungry, my family half starved. I was always ready for a fight, and it has taken three policemen to carry me to the station house; but now I have enough to eat at home, my family are comfortable and I am another man, all because of my love for Jesus," and this, too, after having stood for three months. "If that man is converted, the whole Five Points can be," said one who knew him. Isn't the work a paying one?

YET WE WANT.

ALTHOUGH we were liberally remembered for Christmas, yet we are by no means wholly supplied. We still want money, clothing, and shoes for *four hundred* children. Please help us.

Money Received for Record, from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1876.

Bassett, George, Sag Harbor, L. I.....	\$1 00	Richardson, E. F., Brentwood, L. I.....	\$1 00
Hall, Miss Mary I.....	1 00	Storm, W. J., Ithaca, N. Y.....	1 00
King, John, Salem, N. Y.....	1 00	Weeks, R. D., Newark, N. J.....	1 00
Phillips, Frank, Rock Lick, Va.....	1 00		

Money Received from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1876.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."
 "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."
 "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

An old friend.....	\$ 5 00	Haven, John	\$25 00
Atwood, Mr. and Mrs. E. G., Salem, N. Y.,	2 00	Haven Relief Fund.....	100 00
Baptist Church, Covert, N. Y.....	4 07	Henderson, Chas.....	10 00
Barnes, Mrs. A. A., Medina, N. Y.....	1 00	Hinman, Win. K.....	29 00
Bassett, Geo., Sag Harbor, L. I.....	1 00	Holland, Mrs. Dr. Jas., Westfield, Mass.....	10 00
Berard, Miss A. B., West Point, N. Y.....	5 00	Huntington, W. H., Paris, France.....	400 00
B., G. F.....	100 00	K., I. L.....	50 00
Bogart, Mrs. H. V. De, Claverack, N. Y.,	1 00	Keppleman, A.....	5 00
Carl & James.....	2 00	Knight, Mrs. F. Z. S.....	5 00
Carter, Mrs. R. W. Waterbury, Ct.....	5 00	L., J. J.....	5 00
Cash.....	\$5. \$2, \$1, \$1 50	Littlejohn, F. B.....	5 00
Christmas present from Misses Porter and		Lottie.....	50
Champey's scholars, Hadley, Mass.....	5 00	Lottimer, Wm. & Co.....	5 00
Clapp, John, F.....	25 00	Lucas, J. W., Madison, N. Y.....	1 00
Cleveland, Cyrus.....	10 00	M., W. Jr.....	10 00
Cong. Church, collection, Southport, Ct.,	22 00	Mason, Mina, and Heald, Alice, Orange	
Cong. Church S. S., Hanover, N. H.....	10 00	N. J., for special case.....	1 00
Cooper, Mabel, E., Bennington, Vt.....	2 00	Maurice, James.....	20 00
Cooper, Peter, Golden Wedding Fund...	50 00	McAdam, Q.....	10 00
Cora.....	50	McGee, James.....	10 00
Delafield, Miss Emma H., Darien, Ct.....	5 00	McL., Mrs. J. X.....	50 00
Delafield, Mrs. Julia Floyd, ".....	10 00	Minor, Mrs. C. J., Woodbury, Ct.....	4 00
Delamater, Mrs. R. C.....	20 00	Minor, Miss Fannie, "	1 00
Demarest, Eddie and Freddie, Mission		Murray Fund.....	50 00
Box, Claverack, N. Y.....	1 47	Oberly Heights, Ohio.....	1 00
Demarest, Mrs. C. M., Claverack, N. Y.,	1 53	Old Woman in the Shoe, Christmas day..	9 17
Demarest, Freddie, present to, Claverack,	1 00	Palmer, H. F.....	1 00
Dyson, Joshua.....	5 00	Papa and Mamma.....	1 00
Eaton, Alice T.....	20 00	Peek, C. C.....	5 00
Finlap, Ella, Lenox, Mass.....	2 00	Peek's Factory S. S., Pittsfield, Mass.....	7 50
First Cong. S. S., Norwich, Ct.....	10 00	Raynor & Co., employees of.....	5 00
Friend.....	1 00	Ross, D., Leith, Ca.....	15 00
Friend.....	15 00	Russell, Mrs. E. R., Montague, Mass.....	1 00
Friend	1 00	S., C. S., through F. R. Eumons, Treas.,	12 60
Friend, Ovid, N. Y.....	3 00	S. D. L.....	100 00
Frothingham & Baylis.....	25 00	S., G.....	5 00
For sick children.....	1 00	Salisbury, Mrs. W. D.....	10 00
Frost, Mrs., Montague, Mass.....	1 00	Sanford, Mrs. W. H., New Ipswich, L. I.....	5 00
G., E.....	50	Schermerhorn, Mr. W. C.....	25 00
Godwin, Mr., for 2 electroplates.....	3 00	Schiefflin, H. M.....	25 00
H., J. W.....	60 00	Scmetschkiss, Mrs.....	1 00

Sheffield, J. B. Jr., Saugerties, N. Y.\$10 00	Thayer, Mrs. J. B., Keene, N. H.\$ 5 00
Sheffield, Agnes L., "10 00	Titus, James H.10 00
S., Mrs. C. L.200 00	United Pres. S. S., Salem, N. Y.28 08
Stamford Mfg Co.25 00	W., Mrs. D. B.2 00
Strong, Thos. S.5 00	Wakeman, Miss F., Southport, Ct.10 00
Sunday Collection, Dec. 3d7 86	Walcott, Mrs. W. S., Utica, N. Y.5 00
" " 10th9 32	Walcott, Freddie,20
" " 17th5 45	Walcott, Willie,10
" " 24th19 87	Weeks, R. D., Newark, N. J.1 00
" " 31st9 25	Weston, E., Providence, Pa.5 00
Sunday Eve. Reading Circle, Tarrytown, I25	Winthrop, Mrs. Greenville.5 00
Tatum, C. A.10 00	W., Miss C. L.250 00
Tatum, Edward, Jr.10 00		

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Dec 5 to Dec. 31, 1876.

B., A. V. D.lot of clothing.	Munn, C. W.pkg. clothing.
Baker, A., $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel beans, 20 lbs dried apples.		N., G. M. Sag Harbor, L. I.	
Baptist Church, Covert, N. Y., A. C. Mallory, pastor.box clothing.		4 prs. new hand-knit stockings.
Barnes, Mrs. A. A., Medina, N. Y.,	bag and pkg. clothing.	Patten, May, 8 years old,	6 dolls dressed by herself.
Benson, Robert F., Harlem.pkg. clothing.	Paul, Chas. H.bbl. ginger-snaps.
Blake, Miss H. H., Tarrytown, N. Y.,25 prs. new canton-flannel drawers.	Peck's Factory S. S., through Mrs. Zeno Russell, Pittsfield, Mass., box new and second-hand clothing.	
Blauvelt, Rev. G. M. S., Tappantown, N. Y.,bbl. clothing.	Prime, Rufus.pkg. clothing.
Brooklyn.trunk of toys etc.	Poor, Mrs. E. E., Hackensack, N. J.pkg. clothing.
Burnet, Mrs. H. R., Madison, N. J.	bbl. clothing.	Power, Mrs. W. H., Montclair, N. J.pkg. shoes.
By mail.7 pairs new hand knit stockings.	Powers, Mrs. Geo. W., and friends, 50 toys, 24 oranges, small bag apples, small bag knick-knacks, pkg. Baker's cocoa, 3 glasses jel'y, 4 pkgs. German chocolate, pkg. Hecker's farina, 6 boxes Borden's extract of beef, and bottle sherry wine.	
Carter, Dinsmore & Co., 2 perpetual calendars.		Public School No. 35, West 13th St., Scholars of, through Miss Clark, Principal, large lot of toys and clothing.	
Clafin, H. B. & Co.21 new cloth cloaks	Rubber Clothing Co.31 prs. new rubbers.
Clark, G. T., Brooklyn.50 lbs. coffee.	Slauson, A.box candy.
Coggeshall, S. S.pkg. clothing.	Stephens, The Misses, 35 dolls, 160 toys, 12 flannel skirts, 12 cafton-flannel skirts, 12 pr. dr wers, and 12 chemises for children; 30 prs. stockings; 6 flannel skirts, 6 felt skirts, 6 chemises, and 6 prs. drawers, for women; bag oranges, bag candy.	
Colgate & Co.pkg. clothing.	Stewart, A. T. & Co., 15 work-boxes, 90 pocket-books, cigar cases, sleeve buttons, studs, mantel ornaments, dolls, jewelry boxes, corsets, stockings, etc.	
Converse, Mrs. O. J., Hinsdale, Mass.,	box clothing.	T., A. G.2 pkgs. clothing.
Corning, H. K.2 saddles South Down mutton.	Townsend & Yale.183 prs. stockings.
Cristy, M.25 lbs. candy.	Toy, Mrs. C. A.to articles of clothing.
Fanshawe, Mrs. H. A.,	lot books, toys, dolls, and new clothing.	Tracy, Mrs. C., W. Bingham, Pa.lot of yarn.
Friend.439 plates, 159 saucers, 139 cups.	Vanderburgh, Wells & Co.,work-bench, old type-stands, tables, etc.
Friend,	7 shirts, 5 night-gowns, 13 prs. new stockings.	Van Winckle, Mrs. J., Greenville, N. J.bbl. clothing.
Greenfield & Straus.5 lbs. candy.	Wakeman, Miss F., Southport, Ct.,	
Hartford, Ct.bag clothing.	bbl. new and second-hand clothing and shoes.
Harvey, Cynthia G., West Bingham, Pa., 30 yds. new calico, 6 yds. new unbleached muslin, 2 yds. cafton-flannel, pr. socks, 1 dress.		Waldo, Mr.2 moss crosses.
Heald, Alice, and Mina Mason, Orange, N. J.,	box clothing and book for special case.	Whipple, Mr.2 bbls. poultry.
Hoffman, Emma Ogden, aged 10.pkg.	Wolfe, Miss.200 pies.
Hoffman, Mrs. C. S.pkg. clothing.	9 West 38th Street.lot clothing and shoes.
Holly, Mrs.pkg. clothing.	24 Clinton Place.2 bbls. bread.
Hopkins, Mrs. M. J., Fort Washington, N. Y.,	box clothing.	52 W. 22d Street.pkg. clothing.
Hyde, T. R., Waterbury, Ct.,	gross thimbles, lot clothing and buttons.	155 West 43d Street.pkg. clothing.
Ladies of Montague, Mass., through Mrs. E. R. Russell,box clothing and hats.	202 West 44th Street,pkg. clothing.
Laundry, 30th St. and 6th Ave.pkg. clothing.	8 yds. cafton-flannel and second-hand clothing.	
Louazon, P.2 bbls. bread.	278 Fifth Ave., 7 prs. new drawers, 18 new flannel skirts, and second-hand clothing.	
Love, Thomas W. & Co.12 prs. new corsets.		
Lucas, J. S. and friends, Madison, N. Y.,	box and bbl. clothing.		
May, Miss A. F., in memory of, W. Hartford, Ct.pkg. clothing.		
Mead, Chas. L.large lot kindling-wood.		
Merchants' Lunch.2 bbls. bread.		
Miles, Mrs. Chas.pkg. clothing.		
Minor, Mrs. C. J., Woodbury, Ct.bbl. clothing.		

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GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

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